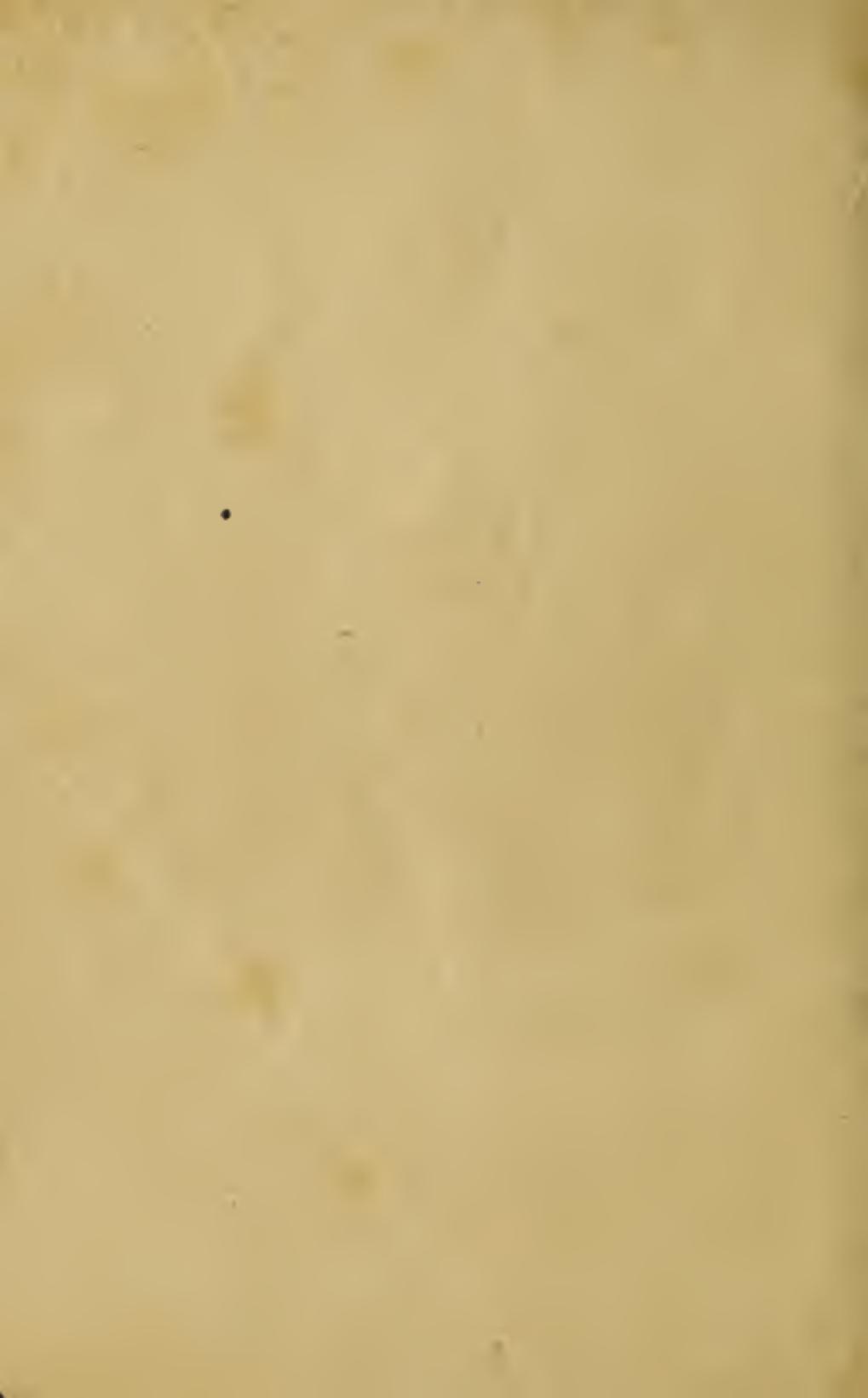




MARY LORD.

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MARY LORD.



MARY LORD was born in N——, one of the quiet old towns of Massachusetts. Her parents received her as a gift from God, and endeavoured to train her up for

him. Her pious mother early told her of her Father in heaven. The stories with which she entertained her in childhood were from the Bible, and her cradle-hymns spoke of the Saviour who blessed little children. What was their joy to find that her first lisplings were of Jesus, and that she could not be more highly gratified than to hear about him. She was also very punctual in offering, through him, her prayers. This was not a mere form with her, but the blessing of God was implored on all her little plans.

Her parents required of their household a strict observance of the Sabbath; and when old enough, she was taken to the sanctuary where God is worshipped. This she considered a great privilege, and never but in one instance did she exhibit a want of reverence or decorum while there. When corrected for this, she showed the most unfeigned penitence for her fault, and scarcely did a

Sabbath pass after this but she alluded to it, and renewed her promise never more to treat God with irreverence in his house. Indeed, the circumstances attendant on this offence seemed to increase her anxiety to appear in God's house; and her first question on Sabbath morning usually was, "May I go to meeting?"

She was what is called "a forward," that is, a precocious, "child." She learned easily, and her parents took pleasure in procuring for her many of the little helps to improvement which so abound at this day. Among other articles was a set of blocks with letters and pictures pasted upon them, from which she learned much. These she valued very highly, and whenever she spoke of dying, as she frequently did, she would invariably say, "When I am dead, give my blocks to my cousin."

She rapidly learned to read, and when a



little more than four years old would repeat the whole of "The Child's Primer." She could not at this time pronounce all the words with perfect distinctness, but

followed the plates, and thus kept her own place when she was repeating it. She had committed nearly all the "Tract Primer" before she was four years old.

To gratify her, as well as to know that she had reading which might be profitable, her parents caused a small weekly paper, "The Youth's Companion," to come to them in her name. The dawning of the day which brought this treasure was hailed by her with great delight, and naught could exceed the eagerness with which she received and perused it. Her own little Testament she daily read, calling it her Bible; and its sacred truths were the joy of her heart.

She was very obedient, never objecting to any requirement of her parents: and so conscientious was she in the performance of all her little duties, and so desirous of pleasing God and obeying him, that her friends were led to hope

she was one of the lambs of Christ's flock. She was a delicate child, and frequently ill; but nothing appeared in her health to cause alarm to her fond parents.

At one time, when sick, she fell asleep early in the evening, and did not wake until about twelve o'clock. On finding herself in bed in the middle of the night, she was much distressed that she should have slept without saying her prayers. She would not be pacified until her mother placed her in a posture for prayer, when she poured out the little wants of her soul into the ear of her Father in heaven. What a beautiful sight was this; an infant spirit cheerfully and unconditionally committing itself to God who made it.

Her mother spoke to her one day of the possibility of leaving her an orphan in the world, with no one to take care of her. She replied, "Oh, mother, per-

haps I shall die first, and if I do, give my blocks to cousin."

One Sabbath in the autumn of 1851 she was remarkably attentive and devotional in the house of God. During one of the prayers, her mother heard her voice in a low whisper, and turned her eye upon her. She stood with one hand uplifted, and was joining in the prayer. The week which followed this Sabbath she attended school until Friday, when she came home before its close, saying she was so tired she could not stay. Her mother perceived she was ill, and prompt measures were adopted for her relief. A few hours revealed the alarming fact that scarlet-fever was making its ravages upon her delicate frame, though she complained of little besides being tired. When Sabbath morning dawned, she said, "I cannot go to meeting to-day, I am so tired," but wished her mother to sing to her, and frequently made the

same request in the night. She was not able to converse much, but was once heard to say, "When I am dead, they will bury me."

Monday's sun was the last which greeted the eyes of this dear child; before its setting, her spirit was with God who made it. She tarried in this world but four years and ten months, but

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

From this simple narrative much valuable instruction may be gained. It shows the importance of teaching children, when *very young*, the nature of their duty to God. If such things *first* take root in the mind, it will be difficult for Satan ever to get there a large harvest.

It teaches us the benefit of taking children to the house of God, and of watching their conduct while there. Who can tell how intimately were connected that faithful mother's correction,

and the bright crown of glory her darling now wears?

Again, we see the advantage of teaching children to pray, even if they can repeat only the form which Christ taught his disciples.

Let it also lead parents to furnish children with valuable reading they can call their own. Instead of spending money for foolish toys and hurtful things for the appetite, let them provide them with good books and interesting papers, and especially with the Bible. These parents have another child older than Mary, but she had her own books and paper, and each could take their *own* copy of the word of God and read it at their leisure. I have seen little Mary's library. Her books are not soiled and torn, as though they had been roughly handled; and the light impressions of her little fingers render them more precious to her parents.

Little children, if God should take you from the earth, what is there in your life or character that would soothe the anguished hearts of your parents? Could they hope you had gone to live with Mary Lord in that blissful place where children that love God will dwell for ever? I have told you that she prayed to God. Perhaps you have learned from your beloved mother to say your morning and evening prayer, and I hope you never forget to repeat it. But do you pray *from the heart*, as little Mary did, and ask God's blessing on all you do? Such prayer to God would keep you from doing wrong, and it would make you happy when in sorrow or danger. Perhaps you have all heard of the little boy who was lost in the woods, and laid himself down to sleep alone on the cold ground; but was not afraid, because he had asked his Father in heaven, who never sleeps, to take care of him. Or of the little girl

who did not fear to die, because she had given herself to God ; and she was willing he should take care of her in heaven, or on earth, just as he chose.

“ Children, in years and knowledge young,
Your parents’ hope, your parents’ joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.”

THE LAMB.

RUTH had a lamb, a very white and pretty lamb. She used to feed it every day with her own hand, and was never tired of playing with it. She called it

Snow-drop, because it was so very white. One day she made a beautiful wreath of clover-blossoms and daisies and butter-cups, for Snow-drop's neck: there were no green leaves in it, but Ruth thought it was prettier for that: and when Snow-drop frisked about, shaking his head very merrily, she was sure there could be nothing in the whole world more beautiful than he was.

Ruth and I sat together on the door-step just at night. Snow-drop was tired with play, and had lain down on the grass. Ruth was tired too, and she laid her head in my lap. At such times she would like to be talked to, and often asked me for a story; but to-night, as I had been gazing upon her sweet little play-fellow, my thoughts had wandered to "the Lamb of God."

Jesus was likened to a lamb when the prophet foretold his coming; and when John saw him, he said, "Behold

the Lamb of God ;” and in heaven, when all the thousands, and “ten thousand times ten thousand” of glorious saints and angels bow before him, they say, “Worthy is the Lamb.” So I told my dear little friend of that Lamb of God, who on earth was so gentle, and meek, and pure; who was always loving and kind; who bore insults and poverty and toil without an angry feeling or a murmur; who was without a spot or blemish, pure from all sin; and who at length was slain by wicked men, to save us from our sins. “It would seem a very cruel thing,” I said, “to take your innocent, gentle Snow-drop, and bind his limbs with cords, and plunge a bloody knife into his heart; but Jesus the Lamb was fastened to a cross, and his flesh torn with cruel nails; yet he was meek and gentle and loving to the last. He loved even his murderers, and wished they might become good men, and be

happy. Their hearts must have been hard indeed, who looked upon his perfect meekness, and heard his words of love amid such agonies, without being softened by the scene.

“Can you think of this dying Lamb of God without loving him? Remember, it was to save you and me from sin and its punishment that he died upon the cross. We will not forget his love, his gentleness, his purity. We will be grateful for them, and seek his protection and his guidance. Now he is in heaven, he calls us to be lambs of his fold; to be gentle and kind as he was; to be meek and patient, pure and spotless. Come unto him now, and at that day he will own you as his and will ‘lead you into green pastures, and beside still waters.’”

E.



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